

75 BOLD whisky, various ages,
Old Pench Brandy;
Fine Foreign Brandy and Wine, for sale,
very low, by J. R. APPLEBAKE.
17114

vertising Agent for the city of New
York, and is authorized to contract
for advertisement according to the

our very confidence in him, and through acquaintance
with the law, he sunk into disgrace and obscurity. The people know all the facts, and
will judge righteously.

sions obtained and not consumed, but the landlord stubbornly refused to abate a jot of his first demand.

It was now about eleven o'clock in the forenoon. Mr. Turner, was very much at what he considered the unreasonable demands of the landlord, and told him it would be much to his benefit if he could proceed at once to Richmond.

"I don't prevent you," said the stubborn hotel keeper, "but you must pay for supper, lodging and breakfast. I have made provision according to order, and I must be paid for it."

"At what hours can we have our meals?" asked Turner.

"Whenever you please," was the reply.

"Very well, sir. We will have dinner at twelve o'clock, and supper at half-past twelve. We will lodge at one o'clock this afternoon, and breakfast at half-past one," said Turner.

The landlord was amazed alike by the fact and manner of this announcement. "You don't want three meals at once, do you?" said he.

"No," said Turner, "nor will we have three at once. You shall set the table and cook us a good dinner. We will eat it. The table shall then be nicely cleared off and reset with clean dishes, and our supper shall be placed upon it. We will eat that, and finish it by one o'clock. Then we will go to bed; and do you see that the supper table is cleared off, and a good breakfast cooked, with plenty of good coffee, and let it be all ready when we arise at half-past one o'clock. And, mind you, don't think you can refresh one meal and make it answer for another. We won't stand that. We pay for the best, and we will have the best."

The landlord said it was all right, and started to prepare the dinner. I followed him, and tried again to effect a compromise, but he would hear to nothing of the kind.

A good dinner was on the table at twelve o'clock. We did full justice to it, and Turner then ordered the table to be cleared off and supper brought in at once. It was done punctually by half-past twelve o'clock, and we all did our best towards eating it. By one o'clock we had devoured as much as we possibly could. "Now show us to bed," said Turner, each man by his demand being provided with a lighted candle.

The landlord showed us our rooms, and we all (thirty-six in number) undressed and climbed into bed, previously to which, however, Old Turner balled to the landlord from the top of the stairs, "Do you see, sir, that our breakfast is all ready and on the table smoking hot in half an hour."

No response was heard to this request. Turner maintained his gravity and so did the landlord. Both were angry, and made a serious time of it, but for myself, I was convulsed with laughter at the absurdity of the whole thing. All the company, indeed, were in great glee; but we felt that the tavern keeper was unreasonable, and therefore we not only obeyed the orders of Turner, but did our best to get the worth of our money.

We were up and dressed in half an hour, but our beds exhibited every appearance of having been devoted to at least one night's lodging.

We then all marched down to breakfast. Every thing was cooked and prepared in the best order, and a stranger would have thought, had he seen the victuals disappear, that we had been on short allowance for a fortnight.

It has ever been a mystery to me how we managed to live through such a stuffing as we all underwent on that occasion. I have seen my father eat turkeys for weeks preparatory to serving them for a Thanksgiving dinner, but that was not a "circumstance" to the cramped circus company.

Baltimore, Nov. 23.

Considerable feeling has been excited here with regard to the escape of a novice from the Slaverhood, at Lanesboro, Bay, named Miss J. Bankley. She escaped at 3 o'clock on the morning of the 10th, and is the daughter of Joseph Bankley, of Norfolk, a Protestant. It is reported that she wished to dissolve her connection with the Slaverhood, and expressed a desire to return home. She then wrote her father a letter which was discovered before her eyes, and she was compelled to write another in a different strain, declaring the satisfaction she felt in being where she was. This letter deceived her father as to the facts of the case, and all his letters to return were consequently handed to her unopened.

Aware that she was a prisoner, Miss Bankley, determined to escape, and finally succeeded in doing so by climbing through a sack over the place of her confinement. She then walked ten miles to Cranstone, where she communicated with her father, who came for her.

Mary not a man who seeks for amusement where his sisters are excluded, for that man's associations are low, his ideas of purity limited, and himself not worthy the companionship of a high minded woman.

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Death of Little Mary Morgan.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

"Father, father!" the clear earnest voice of Mary was heard calling.

"I'm coming, dear," answered Morgan.

"Come quick, father, won't you?"

"Yes, love." And Morgan got up and dressed himself—but with unsteady hands and every sign of nervous prostration. In a little while, with the assistance of his wife, he was ready, and supported by her, came watering into the room where Mary was lying.

"Oh father!" What a light broke over her countenance—"I've been waiting for you so long I thought you were never going to wake, up. Kiss me, father."

"What can I do for you, Mary?" asked Morgan, tenderly, as he laid his face down upon the pillow beside her.

"Nothing, father, I don't wish for anything. I only wanted to see you."

"I'm here now, love."

"Dear father!" How earnestly, yet tenderly she spoke, laying her small hand upon his face.

"You've always been kind to me, father."

"Oh no! I've never been good to anybody," sobbed the weak, broken-spirited man, as he raised himself from the pillow.

"How deeply touched was Mrs. Slade as she sat, the silent witness of the scene."

"You haven't been good to yourself, father, but you have always been good to me."

"Don't, Mary! don't say anything about this," interposed Morgan. "Say that I have been very bad—very wicked."

"Oh! Mary! dear! I only wish that I was as good as you are; I'd like to die, then, and go right away from this evil world. I wish there was no liquor to drink—no taverns—no bar-rooms. Oh! dear! I wish I was dead!"

And the weak, trembling, half-pale man laid his face again upon the pillow beside his child, and sobbed aloud.

What an oppressive silence reigned for a time through the room!

"Father," the stillness was broken by Mary, her voice was clear and even.

"Father, I want to tell you some thing."

"What is it, Mary?"

"There'll be nobody to go for you, father."

The child's lips quivered, and tears now filled her eyes.

"Don't talk about that, Mary. I'm not going out in the evening any more until you get well. Don't you remember, I promised?"

"But father—" She hesitated.

"What, dear?"

"I'm going away to leave you and mother."

"Oh! no—no, Mary! Don't say that—the poor man's rule was broken—don't say that. We can't let you go, dear."

"God has called me."

The child's voice had a solemn tone, and her eyes turned reverently upward.

"I wish He would call me!" groaned Morgan, hiding his face in his hands.

"What shall I do when you are gone?" Oh! dear! Oh! dear!

"Father! Mary spoke calmly again—"

"You are not ready to go yet. God will let you live here longer, that you may get ready."

"How can I get ready without you to help me, Mary? My angel child!"

"Haven't I tried to help you, father, oh! as many times?" said Mary.

"Yes—yes—you've always tried."

"But it won't any use. You would go out—you would go to the tavern. It seemed almost as if you could not help it."

Morgan groaned in spirit.

"Maybe I can help you better, father, after I die. I love you so much, that I am sure that God will let me come to you, and stay with you always and be an angel to you. Don't you think he will?"

But Mrs. Morgan's heart was too full. She did not even try to answer, but sat, with streaming eyes, gazing upon her child's face.

"Father, I dreamed something about you while I slept to-day."

Mary again turned to her father.

"What was it, dear?"

"I thought it was right and that I was all sick. You promised not to go out any more until I was well. But you did go out, and I thought you went over in Mr. Slade's tavern. When I knew this, I felt strong as when I was well and I got up and dressed myself, and started after you. But I hadn't gone far before I met Mr. Slade's great bull-dog. Nery; and he growled at me so dreadfully that I was frightened and ran back home. Then I started again, and went round by Mr. Menon's. But there was a horse in the road, and this time he caught me by the back of my head, and he was so strong that I was frightened and ran back home. Then I started again, and went round by Mr. Menon's. But there was a horse in the road, and this time he caught me by the back of my head, and he was so strong that I was frightened and ran back home. Then I started again, and went round by Mr. Menon's. But there was a horse in the road, and this time he caught me by the back of my head, and he was so strong that I was frightened and ran back home."

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this you?" And then you took me up in your arms and kissed me, and said, 'Yes, Mary, I am your real father—not old Joe Morgan, but Mr. Morgan now.' It seemed all so strange, and I looked into the bar-room to see who was there, but 'twas of a bar-room any longer, but a store full of goods. The sign of the Star and wheel was taken down, and over the door I now read your name, father. Oh, I was so glad, and I awoke and then I cried all to myself for it was only a dream."

The last words were said mournfully, with a dropping of Mary's lids, until the ungentle lash lay close upon her cheeks. Another period of deep silence followed; for the oppressed listeners gave no utterance to what was in their hearts. Feeling was too strong for speech. Near five minutes glided away, and then Mary whispered the name of her father, but without opening her eyes.

Morgan answered, and bent down his ear.

"You will only have mother left," she said—"only mother, and she cries so much when you are away."

"I won't leave her, Mary, only when I go to work, and Morgan, whispered back to the child. "And I'll never go out at night any more."

"Yes, you promised me that."

"And I'll promise more."

"What father?"

"Never go into a tavern again."

"No, never. And I'll promise still more."

"Father?"

"Never to drink a drop of liquor as long as I live."

"O father! dear, dear father."

And with a cry of joy Mary started up, and flung herself upon his breast. Morgan drew his arms tightly around her; and sat for a long time with his lips pressed to her cheek, whilst she lay against his bosom as still as death. Yes; for when the father clasped his arms, the spirit of his child was with angels of the resurrection.

Excursion.—Last Friday was the day fixed for the execution of the convicts, sentenced to death at the last term of our court. The execution of the sentence of John Hastings was resented by the Governor to the 15th of December. The younger of the two negro boys was pardoned by the Executive, on account of his youth. The other boy, Levi, suffered the penalty of his crime.

He was attended at his death, as he had been during his imprisonment, by the clergy of the town, who faithfully exerted themselves to prepare him for his awful fate and fill his mind with the consoling hopes of religion. We are told, that he met his terrible doom, calmly and firmly.

After prayers had been said, he was asked by the sheriff if he had any thing to say. He replied in the negative, and exclaimed aloud: "Lord have mercy upon me." As the prayer died on his lips the rope was cut, the drop fell, there was a convulsive struggle or two, and all was over.—Paris Citizen.

An Internal Report.

Somewhere, to the writer of this unknown, tells a joke that may be worth printing, even after risk of its being old. In a small town in one of the counties of Kentucky, a stranger rode up to the door of a tavern, and having dismounted, ordered a stall and oats for his horse. A crowd of loafers then came of independent citizens who are never equal to a decent man, except on election day—swearing about his room doors and steps, waiting to be invited up to the counter. Among this crowd the stranger's business was at once a subject of impertinent speculation. One fellow more impudent than the rest, made free to inquire of the traveler what occupation he followed, to which the latter replied that his business was a secret for the present, but that he would probably make it known before leaving town.

Having spent a day or two looking around, visiting places where whisky was sold, and making various inquiries as to the amount retailed, the number of habituated drunkards in the place, the number of dogs kept by people whose children never went to school or had enough to eat—after, in fact, making a complete moral inventory of the town, he concluded to leave, and having mounted his horse was about to be off, when his inquisitive friend, stepped up and said:

"See, here, Captain, you promised to tell us your business before you left, and we'll like to hear from you on that point."

"Well," said the stranger, "I am an agent for the Devil—I'm hunting a location for hell, and am glad I've found a place where it will not be necessary to remove the present inhabitants."

The New York Tribune says the Russian can concentrate an army of three hundred thousand men at a given point, and adds:

"And there people who believed that Nicholas will sue for peace if Sebastopol be taken. Why Russia has not played one-third of her trump yet, and the momentary loss of Sebastopol and of the fleet is hardly felt at all by the giant of whom the fleet were but a plaything. Russia knows full well that her delectation does not lie along the sea shores or within reach of debarking troops; but on the contrary, on the broad interior of the Continent, where massive armies can be brought to act concertedly upon one spot, without hindering away their forces in a fruitless coast defence against evanescent enemies. Russia may lose the Crimea, the Caucasia, Finland, St. Petersburg and all such appendages, but as long as her body, with Moscow for its heart, and Pe-

ter for its sword arm, is untouched, she need not give an iota.

Too John C. Breckinridge.

It is stated that, in the proposed reconstruction of the Cabinet, at Washington, this distinguished Kentuckian will be appointed Attorney General—This selection would be highly flattering both to Kentucky and her talented son—showing that her weight and leading position in the national councils, are still maintained by the abilities of her representatives.

The post of Attorney General, next to that of State, is the most honorable in the Cabinet. It has been filled by a succession of the most eminent lawyers in the nation—the names of Pickney, Writ and Legare alone in the list of its former incumbents—men whose lofty eloquence and profound legal wisdom have adorned and guided the deliberations of the Supreme Court of the United States.

The public career of JOHN C. BRECKINRIDGE has been a series of brilliant successions. Twice elected to Congress by the suffrages of a Whig district, and gaining the position of a recognized leader of one of the great parties of the nation, and one of its most prominent champions, within less than four years and a little past the age of thirty, he is a remarkable instance of sudden and distinguished success in political life.—Cynthiana News.

Politicians and the Press.

The Richmond (Va.) Examiner, noticing the speech of George D. Prentice at the recent dinner given him at Memphis, in which Mr. Prentice said his editorial experience had taught him that his former ways had led him into some errors, and especially in his indiscriminate praise of political friends and disparagement of opponents—having found many of the former unworthy and many of the latter true patriots—makes the following pertinent remarks upon the relations of politicians to the press. These remarks are too true:

Mr. Prentice's testimony in regard to the ingratitude of political friends is fully corroborated by all other authors who have devoted their days to the service of party. Most of the politicians of our time owe their chief importance and influence to the press. The recipe for manufacturing a great man out of the most ordinary material is exceedingly simple. An individual unknown beyond the limits of his school district, is seized with an ambition to serve his country, his whole country. He makes known his aspirations to some two or three editors of his party, who obligingly present his "claims" to the public; one of them writing the commendatory notice, and the others copying and endorsing it. In this way his name in a few days becomes familiar to thousands who never before heard of it; and by being thus initiated into the grand council of the party, he, in a brief space of time, becomes its nominee for office. Of course, in a spirit of patriotism, he accepts the nomination, promising, however, that he takes it as Richard took the crown, "albeit against his conscience and his will."

He enters upon the canvass. He draws upon his editorial friends for all the notions of war required for the campaign.

He compiles a speech or a circular from a few articles of theirs, and thus makes his opinions known to the voters of the district. The election day comes, and he is made one of the honorables of the land by the voluntary suffrages of the people. The result is ascribed by the editors to the manliness and ability and eloquence of their candidate. He thus acquires a notoriety which he turns to advantage in his aspirations for higher office. His friends now bear their laurels through the press, and in a few brief years he fancies he is lord of all he surveys. He then demands of one editor or another an unreasonable service which is refused; whereupon he becomes his native unrelenting foe. He finds another editor—one of his benefactors—in the hands of the sheriff, unable to discharge a debt which he contracted in canvassing for him a year or two before. He (the lucky politician) is an unconcerned spectator of the sight. He would not contribute five dollars to save his benefactor from the debtor's jail. Feeling himself secure on the house-top of fortune, he is willing to all in kicking down the ladder by which he ascended. We do not pretend that the picture here drawn is a faithful representation of all the successful politicians of the country; but we insist that it is an exact likeness of many, very many of them. We think it quite likely that Mr. Prentice, in a twenty-six years' career, has met with numerous such friends.

Too Good to be Lost.—At a recent election in this State, a lad presented himself at the polls to claim the benefit of the elective franchise.

Feeling an interest in a favorite candidate, the father, who was evidently opposed to the boy's preference, stood at the ballot-box, and challenged his right to a vote, on the ground of his not being of age. The young man declared that he was twenty-one years old; that he knew it, and that he insisted upon his right.

The father becoming indignant, and wishing as the saying is, to bluff him off, before the judges, said:

"Now Bob, will you stand up there and contradict me? Don't I know how old you are? Wasn't I there?"

Bob looked his contempt for the old man's speech, as he hastily replied:

"Thunderation! s'pose you was wasn't I there, too?"

This settled the sire, and in went the son's vote.

In Russia, the caucuses used by the future are made it now must be with powdered caucuses which is found to increase the intimacy of the high.

SCOTT FARM for SALE.

HAVING determined to move west, I offer for sale my farm, lying immediately on the waters of North Elkhorn, 6 miles west of Georgetown, 24 miles from the Great Crossings, 14 miles from the Georgetown and Frankfort turnpike, half mile from the Georgetown and Staunton turnpike, and adjoining Richmond Landon, Leonides Johnson, E. H. Parke, (the late residence of Major B. Williams), and the noted Blue Spring farm.

Said farm contains

286 ACRES.

and is a fine state of cultivation. About one half is most splendid hemp land, the balance good grain and grass land. One hundred acres are heavily timbered as any land in Ky., principally bur oak, black walnut, white ash, hickory, locust and sugar tree. There are several never failing springs one of which is extraordinary water, and would supply ten families. Two large APPLE ORCHARDS, and other fruit trees.

A roomy and comfortable dwelling, stone negro house, two large hemp houses, large barn, shedded on three sides, a first rate corn crib, shedded also large stables, carriage house, &c. &c. Saw and grist mills convenient.

BEVERLY BRANHAM.

an Observer enpy till forbid not change this office.

Nov 30, 1854-38-11

ADMINISTRATOR'S SALE.

AS Administrators of Joseph Barnett, dec'd. we will on Saturday, 23d of December, sell at Public Auction, on the premises, the Farm belonging to the estate of said decedent, consisting of

110 ACRES OF FIRST RATE LAND,

lying in Harrison county, about half mile above Lee's Lick. The improvements are a comfortable log house, stable, barn and other out buildings; never failing supply of creek water and a fine spring near the dwelling. Also, at the same place,

17 Likely Negroes,

consisting of

MEN, WOMEN AND CHILDREN.

Two first rate (womans) Factory Hands who have been in the employ of L. C. S. and have for several years. They are in their employ now and in their prime. MASON is about 24 and CHARLES is about 22 years of age. DAVE, a brother of Charles and MASON, a first rate farm hand, aged about 20. ELLEN, sister to the above named boys, a first rate house servant, about 20 or 21 years of age, with one child and a fine prospect.

Also a Good Woman about 45 years of age, with a child about two years. Also an old man and woman of about 45 years of age and several likely boys and girls.

TERMS.—The land will be sold on a credit of 6, 12 and 24 months. The Negroes will be sold on a credit of six months. Bond and approved security will be required on each purchase, and no property to be removed until the terms of sale are complied with. Possession of the farm will be given on the 1st of March, 1855; when upon which will be taken. Sols to taken place at 10 o'clock.

L. B. OFFUTT, Auctioneer.

REASON V. BOWARD, } Adm'rs.
J. E. HOLDING, }

Nov. 30, 1854-38-31.

GOOD BOOKS BY MAIL.

PUBLISHED BY FOWLERS & WELLS,

308 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

In order to accommodate "The People" residing in all parts of the United States, the Publishers will forward by return of the first mail, any book named in the following list. The postage will be prepaid by them at the New York office. By this arrangement of pre-paying postage in advance, fifty per cent. is saved to the purchaser. All letters containing orders should be postpaid, and directed as follows:

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Consumption; its Prevention and Cure by the Water Treatment. With advice concerning Hygiene of the Lungs, Coughs, Colds, Asthma

THE HERALD

"Time, Faith and Energy."

HENRY R. FRENCH, EDITOR

GEORGETOWN:

THURSDAY, - DECEMBER 7, 1854

B. Risk, county, paid to No 52, vol 10 2 00
Capt. B. O'Driscoll, St. Joseph, Mo.,
paid to No 35, vol 11 1 75
John Shabee, Iowa, paid to No 20, vol
11 1 75
S. D. Foster, Tellulah, Miss., paid to
No 3, vol 10 5 00

Madame De Stael.

A name familiar in all readers, a name to be forever linked with Genius, Learning and Wit, once remarked that she would cheerfully yield up her mental powers, if she might possess Beauty! her name is high authority, but if we read her remark literally, even the high authority, 'the magic of her name' is insufficient to redeem her idea from a species of profanity.

If however, the great authoress meant to say that, she would yield up her acquired knowledge and accomplishments (not her original powers of mind) then we can see nothing to reprove in the loving, womanly and natural desire. When we see the wondrous power of Beauty, and hear the cold, grave philosopher Bucon decanting on 'beauty as a latter of recommendation of great value and esteem'—and when we note the smelly jay the Talent and Wit and Learning, with the fume annexed thereto, to women's hearts, we say again, it was a womanly and a natural desire.

But there are some, infidels to all that connects the names of woman, truth and goodness, who translate the words of Madame de Stael as though she had said she would divest herself of all the mental powers which God had given her, thereby reducing herself to the lowest standard of intelligence, and this that she might possess Beauty, physical beauty to attract the sensual eye, and to excite the admiration of the mere senses.

Who that knows aught of Madame de Stael, of her gifted and noble though mistaken nature, but must shrink from believing aught that could so belie her. Like many of her sex who have stepped out of their legitimate sphere, this gifted lady found when too late that courted, admired, caressed may feared even by the great (!) Napoleon! She was yet not an object of that deep and devoted and tender love which every true woman's heart so yearns for.

Unsatisfied—her heart's thirst unquenched, what in her was Learning, Genius, Talent or Wit? Nor do we imagine for a moment that she craved or desired that mere physical beauty which attracts sensual homage—it was that perfection of face and form, which Artists dream of in 'heavenly visions,' that beauty which takes captive the fancy, and binds the heart in adamantine chains—which gains for its possessor the deep, unquenchable, devoted love of one true heart in life and death, and for Eternity! Where oh where is the woman who would not gladly barter the most exquisite wit, the most delicate fancies, the most subtle powers of reasoning or of philosophy and the wealth and fame thereby accruing for such Beauty and such Love.

Kansas Territory.

A friend writing under date of 'Great Nemahaw Agency, K. T., November 20th,' says:—

'My time has been so completely occupied by my official duties, since my return from Washington city, that I have not been able to send anything worthy of appearing in the 'Herald.'

I was much in hopes that many Kentuckians, would have been here by this time; to take part in the organization of the municipal authorities, for the government of the Kansas Territory. Some few from our State have settled here; but a large majority of the Squatters are from Missouri. So much has been said about this fine country that a retort, perhaps, would be annoying. There are now within the limits of Kansas about 300 slaves, and their owners believe this property safe. Slaves hire readily at from \$150 to \$200 per annum; white labor being very scarce.

I am waiting for my horse, to proceed up the Nemahaw River, and have no time to write more. As soon as I get through the press of business, I may write something for your paper, but I cannot promise much very interesting; of this you will judge.

DAMAGES FOR SEDUCTION.—A suit was lately brought in Franklin county Virginia; by Elijah Hodges, for the seduction of his daughter, Julia Hodges, by Charles C. Lea. The hearing of the occupied nearly two days. It was in evidence before the jury that the defendant's property was worth \$15,000. After retiring a

short time, the jury found for the plaintiff, assessed the damages at \$4,500, that sum being within a fraction of one third of the defendant's estate.

The Yeoman.

Our esteemed friends of the Frankfort Yeoman, have renewed the type upon which their paper is printed; which, with other improvements, gives it an exceedingly neat typographical appearance.

Our own experience and observation prove that it is now 'tight' times with editors; but such evidence as this would seem to prove that our friends of the Yeoman never are 'tight!' We would rejoice to believe so; for a fellow feeling makes us wondrous kind, to that portion of the craft who, like ourselves occasionally get 'tight!'

Other changes also have been effected in the Yeoman establishment; their printing materials and sanctum have been removed into their fine new office on Main street. Some changes in the proprietorship have also taken place; Mr. J. A. Reynolds, late of Lexington, a gentleman and a scholar, has purchased an interest in the establishment, and is associated with our very clever (we use the word in its English sense) friend Major, in the editorial department. Mr. J. L. Gibbons, late of Louisville, a competent printer and efficient business man, has also purchased an interest in the office and will devote his attention to its mechanical details. Gentlemen, with you we extend the right of good fellowship and with it our most cordial wishes that complete success may crown your enterprize.

The Kentucky Farmer.

Messrs. Stanton & Marshall, of the Maysville Express, propose filling a very important vacuum in the publishing press of Kentucky by the establishment of a semi-monthly journal, entitled 'The Kentucky Farmer,' devoted exclusively to agriculture and the industrial resources of the West. Such a journal, efficiently conducted, has long been a desideratum in the State of Kentucky, and we trust that the enterprise of the gentlemen will be liberally rewarded by Kentucky farmers.

The first number of this paper will appear on the first Thursday in January, 1855. The whole volume of 26 numbers will make a handsome book of 208 pages, which will be furnished to subscribers at the following rates, the payments to be made invariably in advance or upon the reception of the first number, viz:—Single copy, \$1 50; Clubs of 20, \$25; Clubs of 40, \$40. Postmasters are authorized to act as agents.

Anxious for the success of this enterprise we will take pleasure in acting as an agent, by forwarding names and money to the publishers; who, by the bye, desire to be informed as early as the 20th of December, what number of subscribers they may count upon from each county in the State.

Christmas Times.

Will Pullen has made most extensive arrangements for the approaching holidays, and young folks—ay, and even old folks will find many attractive articles in the various departments of his well appointed confectionary establishment. He has an abundant supply of "goodies" just received, of foreign growth and manufacture, and is all the time engaged in manufacturing a great variety of confectionery adapted to the demands of this community. "Old Tam," who will be remembered for his kindness, and attention to the "little folks," long after he has passed from this stage of action, by the Young America of this burg, thinks that by his long residence and ever faithful discharge of the pleasant duties of his station, that he has earned a liberal share of the patronage of this liberal community; we think so too, for there are many men for less deserving of patronage than Old "Uncle Tom." By the bye we are happy to be able to state that intoxicating beverages are carefully excluded from this well conducted establishment. Not to be invidious, however, we must add that such is also the case at their neighbor Kraus'; they are both well conducted establishments, which, from personal observation and experience we can cordially recommend to public patronage.

The editor of the Flag proposes to publish a Farming and Mechanical Journal, for which he solicits subscribers. It will be a monthly journal, published on good type, and containing a large amount of matter interesting to the agricultural, mechanical and stock growing classes. Terms \$1 per annum for a single copy or 10 copies for \$5. We regret that two such prospectuses have been put forth in the same section of the State, for a paper of this character, of which we need but one; and while wishing success for both would be pleased, and have more hope in the success of such a journal, if the respective and respected publishers would compromise upon one.

Dental Notice.

We are gratified to see our old friend, Dr. S. Driggs in town again, looking hale and hearty, although dead and buried long ago, according to Dame Rumor, the lying jade. By-the-bye, the Dr. proposes to sojourn with us for a while, and as he has the reputation of being a skillful dentist, we would suggest to those whose dental organs require revision, that his room is No 14, Georgetown Hotel, where he would be pleased to receive those who may require his professional services. Dec. 7, 1854 39-41.

Barnum's Autobiography.

This is the title of a forthcoming work which promises to be very amusing; an extract from which we publish in another portion of this paper. The table of contents, as furnished by the politeness of the publisher, J. S. REEDFIELD, 110 Nassau street, New York, abounds in titles indicative of rich scenes and amusing incidents. We shall look with great interest for the appearance of this work, and in the meantime would advise country dealers to send in their orders early to J. S. Reedfield, as there is an immense demand already, which makes it necessary to enforce the *Barber's rule*—first come first served. The work is to be published by the same publisher, in German, which will appear simultaneously in New York, London, Paris, Madrid, Vienna, Berlin, Leipzig and Stockholm. Hurrah! a Heroism and humbug! alas FACT!

Thanksgiving Day.

November 30th, last Thursday, the day appointed by Gov. Powell, as a day of thanksgiving, was observed with great propriety and decorum by the good citizens of this burg. The streets were as quiet as on the Sabbath day, although filled with a cheerful looking populace of both colors; many of whom seemed to feel the sentiment—Bless the Lord, oh my soul for he is good; for his mercy endureth forever.

PERIODICALS.

Godey's Lady's Book.—One copy, 1 year \$3; 2 copies, one year \$5; 5 copies, one year \$10. Address L. A. Godey, 113 Chestnut street, Philadelphia.

Graham's Magazine, \$3 per annum. Address Richard Lee & Co., 106 Chestnut street, Philadelphia.

West American Monthly, \$2 per annum. Address Joshua Jackson & Co., 163 Walnut street, Cincinnati Ohio.

Blackwood's Magazine, \$3 per year. Blackwood and I Review \$5; Blackwood and 4 Reviews \$10. Address Leonard Scott & Co., 54 Gold street New York.

Arthur's Home Magazine.—One copy, 1 year \$2; 2 copies, 1 year \$3; 3 copies, 1 year 4 00; 4 copies, one year 5 00. Address T. S. Arthur & Co., 167 Walnut street, Philadelphia.

The Sacred Circle, 2 00 per annum or 25 cts. per number. Address Partridge & Britton, 300 Broadway, New York.

Eclectic Medical Journal, 2 00 a year in advance. Address post-paid Dr. R. S. Newton, corner of College and seventh streets, Cincinnati, Ohio.

American Pheological and Water Cure Journals, 1 00 a year each. Address Fowler & Wells, 308 Broadway, New York.

United States Magazine, 1 00 per annum. Address J. M. Emerson, 1, 3, 5 and 7, Spruce street, New York.

The Portage County Journal, published at Ravenna, Ohio, a Free Independent Democratic paper, in favor of the Know Nothing organization. Referring to the opposition of the Tribune, Independent and National Era, says:—

The last named journals, especially fear that, by his new combination, the Anti-Slavery element is to be crushed out, and that the elements of the order are not to be directed to the universal welfare of the race. There is nothing human which may not be abused and perverted to bad uses. Hence, every element, every influence, and every movement, calculated to subvert human society, should be closely scrutinized. We condemn, however, the anxieties of politicians and sectaries, thus far, do not give us much concern. So far as we have been enabled to judge of this new movement by results, we have been disposed to look with some favor upon it.

We cannot now remember an instance, so far as we have observed, when its action has not been liberal, progressive, and on the side of right, against ignorance, bigotry, superstition, and oppression. As an element, if an element at all, in the late elections in Ohio, Indiana, and Pennsylvania, it was on the side of the oppressed against the oppressor, on the side of a struggling people against a

consolidated Government, wielded by a Southern oligarchy for base purposes."

Franklin Co., Ky. Dec. 21, '54.

Ms. Fozren:

I was somewhat disappointed by your remarks in your last issue, on the subject referred to in my recent communication to you, and must beg leave to differ with you in the opinion expressed of the probability, if that subject being treated by the mass of your readers, with comeliness and distinctness, I cannot think that any, either 'waylaring men or fools' would willfully reject the truth, if placed before them in a respectful manner, and the remembrance of my own former position on certain mooted questions, encourages me to believe that it is only because these more explicit definitions of the scripture and its design, have not been more generally circulated, that they are considered a fanaticism of the few.

We will select for an example a lending doctrine of our Church, and how do you think the independent assertion, that the sacred scripture has in all its teachings one united and direct reference to the Lord, and that the Word, emphatically spoken of therein is actually that community! As a fallacy, most assuredly, for to this proposition, the idea must appear absurd for lack of explanation, made clear by evidence. But on the other hand, let one, capable of so doing, with the privilege you can command, reasonably and gently examine and define the scriptural texts which constitute the corner stone of the opposition you allude to, and also of the contending faiths your supposed opponents take refuge beneath, and the chances are in the same proportion for, as nihil is against, and your prospect with truth on your side, is to succeed in eradicating many adopted fallacies, and substantiating the true basis of the doctrine in question, as assured and maintained by the 'New Church.'

Those who will consent to forget bigotry and prejudice, and refer to the first chapter of St. John, will find therein without an additional argument or exposition the scriptural signification of this theme Word, established.

The 'Word was God,' and that word clothed with flesh, in form a man, filled with grace, came and associated with us, that we might behold the glorious beauty of his character, believe in him, abandon as much as possible the natural man, cultivate the spiritual, imitate the perfection of his divine, as sincerely as he assumed the imperfections of our human, and become as he was a *Light* to them that dwell in darkness, and a tree bearing rich fruits of wisdom and love to the ignorant and weak.

The Word wrapping his glorious spiritual within our sin-inclined nature, came in the flesh, began life on earth as a child, was subjected to all the temptations peculiar to each stage of existence, struggled with and resisted them, in order to prove to us that we may do likewise, and to give us his example to encourage us, and his love to guide us from the slough of degradation, towards which nature unsupported by grace must inevitably hurry us.

That this was the mission of God on earth cannot be disproved, for though we spend an age in searching the record made of his life in the human, we find neither word, thought or act of his forbidding the belief that his life was the type of what he would have us to be.

What a blissful assurance is this, of his great love for us, yet how few appreciate its extent as shown by the sacrifice our Lord must have made, in laying aside his purity, to take upon him our impurity. How unjust and erroneous, to contemplate such a God as an austere, exacting despot, whose throne is heaven, whose empire is earth, constantly seeking whom he may punish, while we pray to an inferior God, the Son, to intercede for us with this terrible being; instead of looking to him as the Word, the Truth, the Light, the gentle loving shepherd of his erring flock. How much of spiritual consolation, we lose by viewing him in this to-morrow character, how much we gain by the latter; for what is more soothing to a tried spirit, than to carry in his weight of sorrow to the sympathizing bosom of a trusted friend, and if this be so sweet, how much more an union be the confidence and sympathy of our heavenly Father, who for our sakes suffered in the flesh even as we do, and who reads our innermost thoughts, touching each spring of sorrow to the sympathizing bosom of a trusted friend, and if this be so sweet, how much more an union be the confidence and sympathy of our heavenly Father, who for our sakes suffered in the flesh even as we do, and who reads our innermost thoughts, touching each spring of sorrow to the sympathizing bosom of a trusted friend, and if this be so sweet, how much more an union be the confidence and sympathy of our heavenly Father, who for our sakes suffered in the flesh even as we do, and who reads our innermost thoughts, 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